Nor arme nor face, ô be some other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beschreend in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

Iuli. How camest thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch these walls,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iu. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie.

Iuli. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide
And but thou loue me, let them fi
My life were better ended by thei
Then death proroged wanting of

Iu. By whose direction foundst

Ro. By loue that first did prom
He lent me counsell, and I lent hi
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washeth with th
I should aduenture for such march

Iu. Thou knowest the mask of ni
Else would a maiden blush bepain
For that which thou hast heard me
Faine would I dwell on forme, fain
What I haue spoke, but farwell co
Doest thou loue me? I know thou
And I will take thy word, yet if th
Thou maiest proue false at louers
They say *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *A*
If thou dost loue, pronounce it fait
Or if thou thinkest I am too quick
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say
So thou wilt wooe, but else not fo
In truth faire *Montague* I am too
And therefore thou maiest think m
But trust me gentleman, ile proue
Then those that haue coying to be
I should haue bene more strange, I
But that thou ouerheardst ere I wa
My truloue passion, therefore pard
And not impute this yeelding to li
Which the darke night hath so disc

Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed Mo
That tips with siluer all these frute

Iu. O swear not by the moone th'i
That monethly changes in her circ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.